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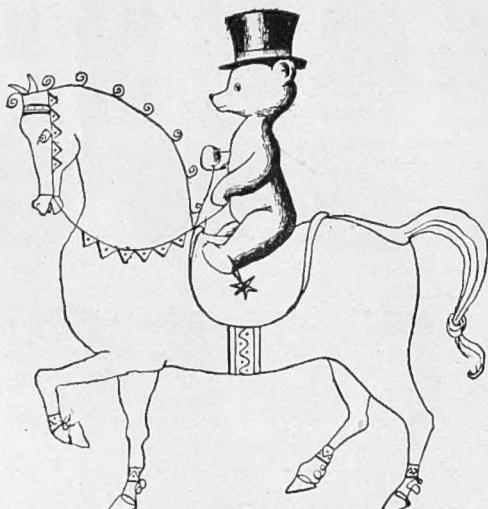
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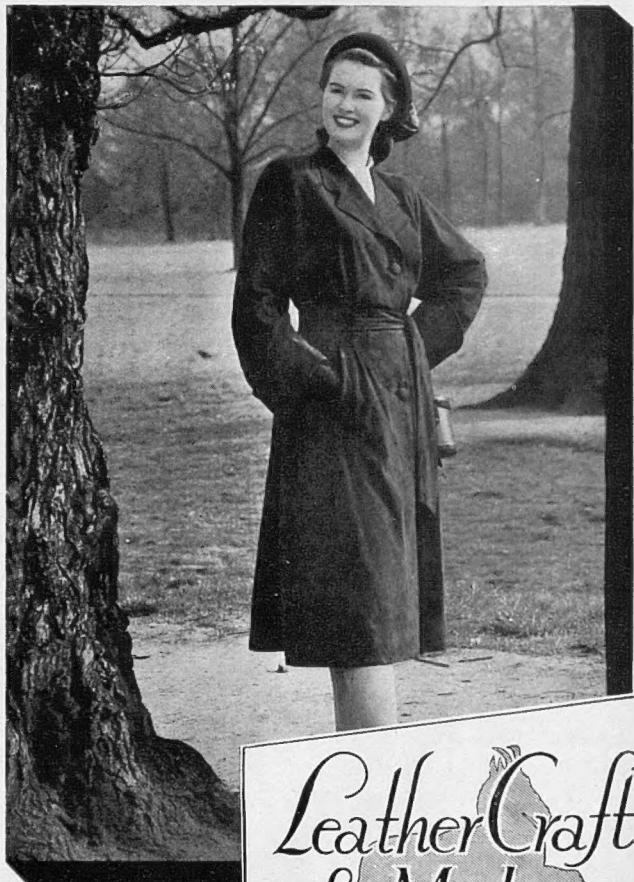
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LONDON

JUNE 2, 1948

Vol. CLXXXVIII No. 2447



T.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND HER HUSBAND in the Elysée Palace before the banquet which the President, M. Vincent Auriol, gave for them on the first night of their immensely successful Whitsuntide visit to Paris. The Princess is wearing the scarlet cordon of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour which she had received from the President earlier in the day at the Palace, which is his official residence. There were sixty guests at the banquet, and the gold plate was used for the first time since the visit of the King and Queen in 1938



Some Portraits in Print

Being the lucubrations of your most obedient scribe, Mr. Gordon Beckles

THREE more days and one more Derby form problem should have been solved—how many men will have obeyed the Club Stand's enjoinder to wear morning dress. Of the form of the horses, alas, I know nothing.

My pre-knowledge of the Derby is usually confined to the dull observation that it is devilish hard uphill going for the first quarter of a mile. I know this because on a couple of occasions in the past I have been out at about dawn with Mr. Tom Walls when he trained at Epsom—with his own April the Fifth as the star.

He invited me to walk up that hill from the starting post to impress the point on my memory. After which we went back to the stables for breakfast. It was a breaking of the fast in the best Newmarket tradition.

There was sherry and soda with the fried sole, and brandy and soda with the bacon and eggs.

TOP hats have never meant so much to Epsom as to Ascot. When I think of top hats and Epsom I think of seeing the late Lord Derby once—perhaps it was in the year of his Hyperion win—walking from the paddock wearing what seemed an excessively small top hat; or perhaps someone else's by mistake. Just as he passed by, a gentleman near the fence armed with a guitar struck up that music-hall classic of the 'nineties:

"Where did you get that hat
Where did you get that tile?
Isn't it a nobby one
And just the latest style?"

He was not being intentionally personal; it was just part of his Epsom repertoire.

The music-hall of the later Victorians was entranced by this and allied subjects—sung by top-hatted, be-spatted men with sponge bag trousers eyeing life through a monocle and an alcoholic haze. "Champagne Charlie" and "Cool Burgundy Ben," sung by such men as George Leybourne, the "Great Vance" and Jolly John Nash. It was he, I think, who sang a song which went:

"Hi! Hi! Here stop!
Waiter, waiter, fizz pop!
I'm racketty Jack—no money I lack
And I'm the boy for a spree."

This admiration for the well-dressed man

seemed common to all classes. Oscar Wilde made a character in one of his plays say languidly: "A well-tied tie is the first serious step in life."

Possibly with all this in mind I thought it refreshing to see so many men in at least dinner jackets the other night at Covent Garden—more than I have seen since before the war.

The argument used to run that the only way to make the theatre truly democratic is to forget all about dressing for it—just go in your old sweater, comrade, it's as much your opera house as the next man's.

This is certainly not true in Moscow, where everyone seems to put on the best clothes they have for a visit to the Bolshoi Theatre, and the uniforms make it quite colourful; although the only white tie and tails are worn by the conductor.

No, I argue that a visit to the theatre is an "occasion"—even if it is as much as once a week, and that to wear a sports jacket in the stalls wilfully is not a habit to be commended.

The cinema, with its darkness and intangible players, is the place for that sort of thing—which makes the current vogue of wildly over-dressed women at film "premieres" all the more fantastic.

THE first post-war administrator of Covent Garden has been Mr. David Webster and, on the whole, he has made a great success of his regime.

Once he gets the operatic people—his special line—in shape on the stage he must turn his attention to those of us on the other side of the footlights. If he were dashing enough to abolish cloakroom fees there would be less excuse than ever for sitting in the stalls of one of the world's most beautiful auditoriums in a raincoat—a sight I saw not so long ago.

The Covent Garden visit was to see the revival of *Job* by the Sadler's Wells ballet for their own benevolent fund.

The programme was a strange one.

First there came *Hamlet*, a piece of elaborately staged dancing which seems a trifle unnecessary in view of the fact that the whole subject was treated rather better by a fellow called Shakespeare—a fact which the

choreographer and principal dancer has since confirmed, for Robert Helpmann is one of this year's two speaking Hamlets at Stratford-on-Avon.

THEN after *Job*, a *pas de deux* by two veterans back from several years sojourn in America—Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin, the programme concluding with the essay in passionless dancing called *Symphonic Variations*, to the César Franck music.

This is the kind of thing that Sadler's Wells do superbly in a small theatre, but seems lost in the vastness of the bare Covent Garden stage, designed more for the presentation of a couple of hundred choristers and ten tons of scenery.

Job, with its lovely music by Vaughan Williams, is another essay, the first original one the Sadler's Wells attempted some fifteen years ago under Ninette de Valois. I think it full of beautiful ideas, but like so much that is beautiful—dull.

Old-fashioned to the last ditch, I like my ballet with some hint of gaiety or humour in it, with something of "Hi! Hi! Here stop! Waiter, waiter, fizz pop!"

The great Serge Diaghileff often tempted dullness with phoney "modern" stuff. To music of four violins, a clavichord and two ballophones one of his most charming young dancers would appear clothed in tissue-paper, while four headless men (carrying their heads under their arms) would work their way around her, the title of the work being, perhaps, *Vache Espagnole*.

This sort of ballet, I came to the conclusion, belonged under the heading of "humour"—but it was taken very seriously in the 'twenties.

If you wish to recapture this spirit I highly recommend a visit to Battersea Park where they are holding a most admirable exhibition of sculpture.

That some of the sculpture is "Crazy Gang" stuff does not lessen the importance of this enterprise, which suggests again that the proper place to see sculpture is in as natural surroundings as possible, and not in a gallery.

Or, one might add, on top of a pedestal at some busy road junction (I absolve Charles I at the head of Whitehall, which shames the



rest of its part of Trafalgar Square and the disfiguring business buildings nearby).

HERE, just two hundred yards across the Thames from Chelsea, are temporarily a couple of score of statues and what-have-you sited superbly, in most cases, in the park's so-called tropical gardens. If your eyesight is bad enough, and you stand far enough away, the placing of Henry Moore's almost headless "Three Figures" is quite enchanting—especially if the sunlight is turned on.

The Epsteins alone are worth a visit to a park which probably millions of Londoners have never visited.

And then, if you disapprove of such things as Modigliani's "Door Jamb" and like only the flowers, you could cross over the Thames and there were all the roses, carnations, begonias, irises, rhododendrons, antirrhinums, sweet peas and loves-in-the-mist that the eye of man or woman could desire.

The Chelsea Flower Show—the peculiar aroma distilled only in tents under the sunshine—the hint of strawberries and cream in the background—the glimpses through the green of the ripened-red walls of Nell Gwyn's gift to old soldiers who never die.

June again!

And other signs of June if you are clever enough to read the signs.

NOW, much has been written about the grave effect on English life of the current wave of violence: "Murderous intent . . . this massacre . . . wholly savage . . . knocked the spirit out of him . . . slashed him . . . desperadoes . . . chief executioner . . . groans . . . clutching hand . . . sheer calculated mayhem . . . no mercy shown . . . remorselessly slaughtered."

All this horrific language I culled from one-third of a column in one Sunday newspaper the morning after I had found the inert body of a man deep in a club armchair.

He looked more dead than alive.

It appeared that he had been watching cricket all that afternoon—and "the weather" had tired him out.

"Good game?" I asked.

"No, dam' dull. Essex and Australians," he said sleepily.

And here I was the next morning reading in a Sunday paper an account of the Essex v. Australians match which quite casually employed all this terrible language.

Dull, eh?

TIME plays tricks with us, and it is hard to think that it is nearly twenty years ago since, near Uckfield, there was staged a pastoral party to end all such frolics—the one known as "Dick Wyndham's party."

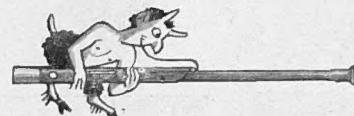
Now Richard Wyndham is dead, killed outside Jerusalem, and the world has lost a perplexing and endearing personality, and one who in many ways typified the 'twenties, with their chaos and social anarchies.

There was something symbolical in the sight of Dick Wyndham walking into White's, dressed in an old sweater and a weather-stained seaman's raincoat, the worse for wear, and then—over a dry Martini—discussing the authority of some wine to which he had just been introduced.

His *Gentle Savage*, with his own illustrations, is in many ways an almost perfect travel essay.

Why, except possibly that he was of the stuff of Lawrence, should Wyndham have elected to be a war correspondent with the Arabs?

No, he was an unpredictable fellow . . . and that party, with its swimming in the mill-pond, and fireworks at midnight, is a treasured memory of a strange and perhaps lunatic epoch.



JUNE

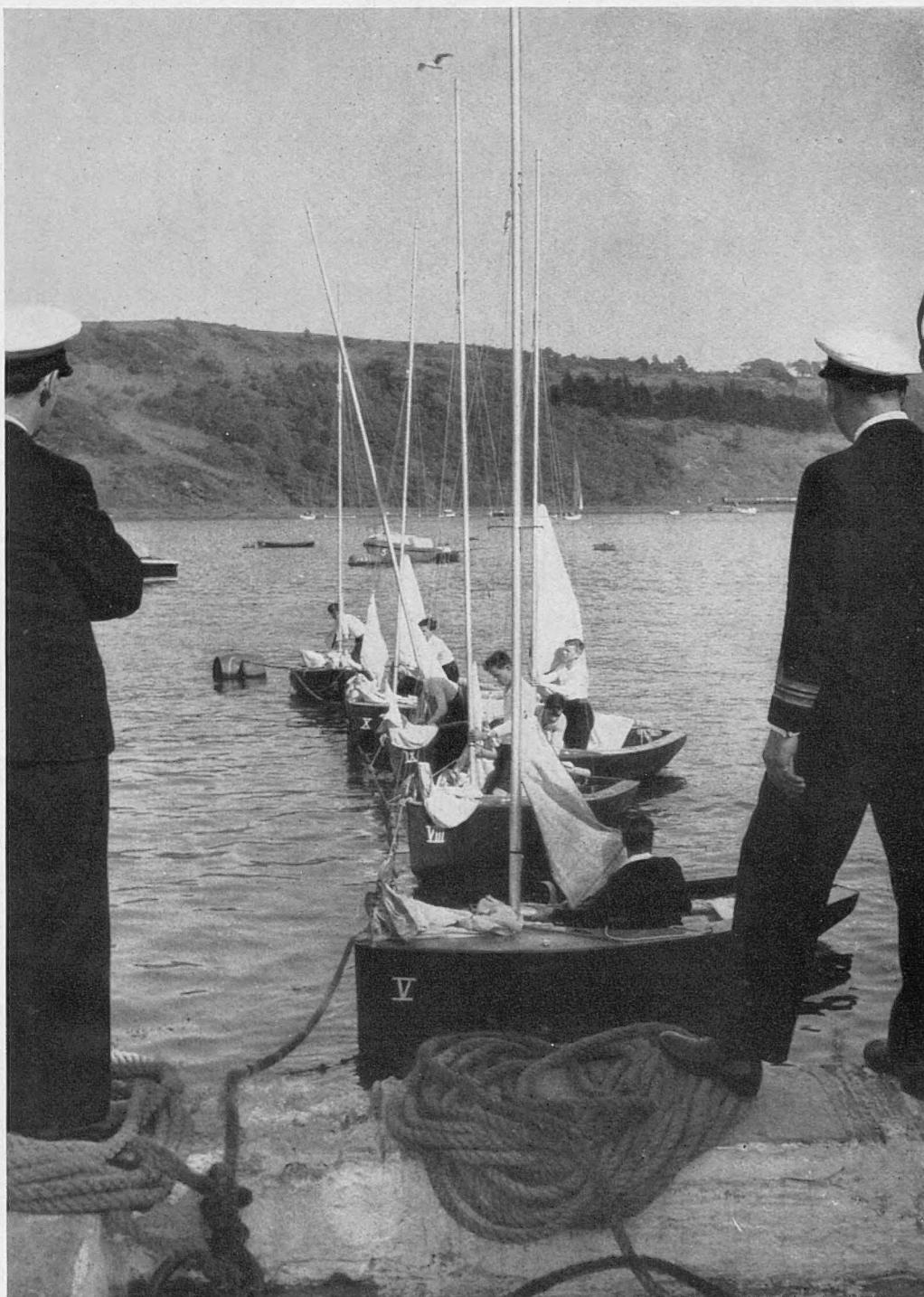


My lyre—in practice a bassoon—
Facetiously proclaiming June
Would be, I think, inopportune.
A month which has the Lovers' Moon
(Or if it hasn't will have soon)
Is no fit mark for the buffoon.

No, let some rhythm-club quadroon
Drip from an over-oozing spoon
June's praise in a molassoid croon.
Or let the paler octaroon
Hymn it with saxophonic tune
Clingingly moist as the monsoon.

Then shall all those who're not immune
Listen—and more than likely, swoon.

—Justin Richardson



TRAINING UNDER SAIL of Naval cadets at Dartmouth is now being carried out in twelve-foot Firefly dinghies, and a class is seen stowing away gear after making fast on their return from an exercise in the estuary. These speedy dinghies, which are made of moulded ply and have metal masts and booms, will also be seen in the Olympic sailing races which take place in Torbay in August

First Night at the Phoenix



Michael Pertwee with his father, Roland Pertwee, joint authors of "The Paragon"



Miss Audrey White with Mr. Jon Pertwee, another son of Roland Pertwee

A Meeting at the Saville



Gladys Cooper chats to Dame Lilian Braithwaite in the tea interval



Athene Seyler, Jessie Winter and Fabia Drake engaged in a lively discussion



Miss Daphne Arthur, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Douglas and Mr. Philip Algar were also among the first night audience at this very well-received play



Mrs. Leslie Banks, Leslie Banks and Angela Baddeley at the annual general meeting of the Actors' Orphanage, held recently at the Saville Theatre

To Celebrate the Shooting of "The Winslow Boy"



Neil North, who plays the title rôle, and Marie Lohr, his screen mother, at the studio party which followed the end of the camera work



Sir Robert Morton, K.C., is played in the film by Robert Donat, here signing his autograph for Mrs. R. Sibley



Frank Lawton, also in the cast, talking to Sir Cedric Hardwicke, who is the formidable head of the Winslow family



Jack Watling, who plays Dickie Winslow, with his actress wife. The party was given at the Shepperton studios of London Films



Margaret Leighton, the Catherine Winslow of the film, with her stand-in, Diane Bunting, who comes from Australia



Jo Harcourt (continuity) with Anthony Asquith the director, a projectionist, and Anatole de Grunwald, the producer

Anthony Cookman

with Tom Titt

At the Theatre

"Maid to Measure"

(Cambridge)

IT is not often that any sort of show puts off the desolating look of failure and takes on the pleasing air of modest but assured success in the course of a journey from one theatre to another. Yet this is what seems to have happened to Mr. Leigh Stafford's revue.

At Hammersmith almost its only recommendation was that it brought Miss Jessie Matthews back to the stage—an event of some sentimental importance to the middle-aged who remembered how in their discerning youth they had watched the progress of this vivacious charmer from the back row of Mr. Charlott's chorus to the forefront of Mr. Cochran's revues. Miss Matthews still equally flattered youthful discernment, but the entertainment itself dripped disillusionment. It was altogether ill-considered in its tattiness and insipidity.

I DO not profess to know how the surprising transformation has been brought about. Much of the original material remains. It has been expertly re-tailored and now presents a stylish and attractive new look. The satisfied customer is content to leave the secrets of Savile Row to the experts of Savile Row. My vague impression is that some pointless sketches have been dropped, others neatly worked up to a point and that at least one—*a fine upstanding clash between men of principle, each finding a quarrel in a threepenny roll of bread, since honour's at the stake*—is new.

Certainly the dancing now achieves precisely the effect it sets out to make; the lighting is friendly to the merits of the simple decoration; and in the general increase of gaiety, smoothness and warmth the comedy of Mr. Lew Parker and of Mr. Tommy Fields and the spirited and graceful sentimentality of Miss Matthews are allowed to expand naturally.

Miss Matthews, as a stained-glass window bride tunefully defying time to alter her love, or as a woman freshly in love and lightly dancing among the masked Eumenides of past loves, is very successfully the Jessie Matthews dear to middle-aged memory. "Tread softly, because you tread on my dreams," and so, imitating the action of the cat, one moves away to less sacred ground. In "Oy-Oy-Sarah" she makes a wholly delightful new impression in the character of a Jewish maiden, pert yet lovable, making the most of two suitors indistinguishable from each other, and in "Sic Transit Gloria," as Jessie Matthews the dancer, she makes a disarmingly effective riposte to the mischief of Miss Binnie Hale.

Not all the tailors of Savile Row can make broad-cloth out of fustian, and the entertainment which surrounds Miss Matthews, stylishly as it has been recut, is in texture stubbornly sentimental. It is satirical only in the sketch which shows how foreign the English become when they go shopping within a bowshot of Piccadilly, and in that admirable contest of wills between Mr. Lew Parker, a coffee stall attendant who would rather throw away the whole of his stock than sell a threepenny roll for less than threepence, and Mr. Robert Downing, a customer who is prepared to fling pounds into the Thames in defence of his principle of only buying rolls at two for threepence.

Mr. Lew Parker is a skilled *racconteur*, but his very pretty sense of humour is by no means wasted on a sketch. Mr. Tommy Fields also does excellent work, easily excelling his own best, however, in a song which every now and then so moves the singer that he is in imminent danger of dislocating every bone in his body. Miss Joan Heal is a newcomer who puts across one or two swing songs with immense sureness of attack. In sum, a pleasantly sentimental evening.



Jessie Matthews brings back to the stage a piquancy and freshness undimmed by the years which have passed since she was last seen in the West End



The Four Jolly Tailors of Cambridge Circus spend more of their time in agreeable dalliance than in counting their coupons. Two of them (Johnny Brandon and Terence Delaney) are here practising elegant gymnastics with the leading model (Christine Spencer)



Chief Jesters Lew Parker and Tommy Fields in characteristic rôles: the former worldly-wise but far from world-weary, and Mr. Fields in a blonde wig and giant eyelashes as a charmer of the theatre who would never . . . well, hardly ever, barter true love for a substantial cheque

Freda Bruce Lockhart

[Decorations
by Hoffnung]

At The Pictures

Actors and Accents

CROWNED with the Academy Award, Ronald Colman's performance in *A Double Life* marks the real opening, at the Leicester Square Theatre, of the new season of Hollywood films. Few would dispute Colman's right to a prize for this performance. Not indeed for his respectful rendering of snippets from *Othello*. Shakespeare from the lips of an old-timer of the silent screen is just the kind of freakshow, well done or ill, to overawe Hollywood at the scattering of Oscars. Colman's real title to honour, the fine fruit of his quarter-century as a major star who has never looked like slipping, is the all-round excellence with which he compels belief in a fundamentally incredible character and melodramatic situation.

Exactly how incredible you find the schizophrenia of Anthony John, Broadway matinée idol, depends on what you can or cannot believe of actors. I know many actors and a little acting. There is no limit to the extravagance, egotism and emptiness which I should be prepared to believe of an actor's personality. It is obvious, too, that an actor often reflects superficially, perhaps absurdly, the mannerisms of the part he is rehearsing. But not, I think, after the first night. Emphatically improbable I find the professional actor's identification of himself with his rôle at any deeper level beyond the first week of a long run, else he would need a straitjacket long before Anthony John gives anybody but his Desdemona cause for alarm.

A PERSISTENT legend, however, has long existed that such phenomena can happen, though I know of no substantial foundation for it in theatrical history. Moreover, one of the authors of *A Double Life* is a distinguished American actress, Ruth Gordon, whose opinion commands respect. So we must allow for dramatic licence and swallow at least the possibility that Anthony John is on the one hand so unstable in himself, on the other so sensitive to the influence of the characters he plays, as to justify his hunch against turning from innocent drawing-room comedy to play *Othello*.

Ultimate melodrama is in sight from the moment he gives in and begins to study the part. But the comment on the actor's lonely rootless character, feeding on the inspiration of his changing rôles or of his Swedish ex-wife and leading lady (Signe Hasso), is a shade subtler than melodrama if not quite as subtle as the film's sense of importance suggests.

For the film is in Hollywood's grand manner and a relief it is to see such technical assurance, approaching virtuosity, in the treatment of even so dubious a theme. To begin with it is conceived as a film; Miss Gordon's co-author is Garson Kanin, gifted director of one or two outstanding pictures just before the war. It is executed by director George Cukor with unrivalled Hollywood

finish and mastery of every technical detail from camerawork to casting.

It is a relief to see again a film, however unsubstantial, in which every background is vivid, every minor character vital from the theatre management to the police, the reporters and the poor dumb blonde who takes what was coming to Desdemona.

CERTAIN indiscretions, when the hero's brain-storm buzzes maddeningly on the soundtrack or his thoughts talk to excess, are offset by the delicacy which refrains from dotting every "i" and crossing every "t." It is left to Signe Hasso to suggest the elusive relationship between the divorced couple. Offstage and brunette, she gives a most delightful impression of style and cool, natural grace; gallant enough, perhaps, to go on playing Desdemona for his sake after he had come within seconds of strangling her at one performance, though far too intelligent surely to let him go on playing *Othello* so long after he had clearly lost his precarious mental balance.

Miss Hasso—who has previously shone promisingly opposite such different stars as Bob Hope and Spencer Tracy—is evidently an easy and versatile actress, but her scope, not surprisingly, does not extend to Shakespeare in a fair wig and a foreign language. No Hollywood cutie could be much more disastrous as Desdemona, which makes me reluctant to judge too harshly an *Othello* not notably above college standard.

There is a second improbability about this picture. Even if we accept the premise that an actor could identify himself with his part to the point of dangerous madness, how could that actor be Ronald Colman, the chivalrous, serene First Gentleman of Hollywood? It is the measure of his skill and integrity as an actor that Mr. Colman builds up the character with light and shade and suggestion so that we can believe in him as a person, however improbable his circumstances; and although his *Othello* never touches heartbreak, by sincerity he makes the actor who plays the Moor move us.

One of the attributes which has enabled Colman to remain as the senior survivor (Chaplin apart) from among the great silent stars has been his voice, his King's English which is equally acceptable to English or American ears. To-day his diction could usefully be taken as a model in his own country where attenuated vowels are threatening to turn the King's English into B.B.C. English—or R.A.D.A. English—or what I have called Elstree English.

A READER writes to reprove me gently for my strictures on the uniform use of Elstree English, saying "better Elstree than Elstree trying to differentiate between Liverpool, Warrington, Manchester and Bolton." The uneven speech of the three leading players in *Daybreak*, at



the Odeon, Marble Arch, inclined me to agree without reservation. Not that Eric Portman's Yorkshire is not the real thing, authentic Halifax. His only trouble, playing the public hangman-bargee as a Yorkshireman, is that he cannot keep those West End vowel-sounds he has acquired from breaking through his good open Yorkshire vowels—and destroying the illusion.

As the girl he picks up in a pub, marries and takes home to the barge, Anne Todd's mild Cockney would not be too impossible—if only she had tried (or been allowed?) to keep it up, instead of falling back on the same sub-standard elocution. Maxwell Reed as the Scandinavian sailor with a dirty look in his eye talks a different basic, but it is not noticeably Scandinavian. Indeed, why try, as my correspondent implies.

But when I heard Colman's good plain English, the answer was clear: better King's English than any but successful attempts at accents. If the vowels are pure and the speech unaffected it will not sound wrong in any part and can more easily be tilted at various angles as required to differentiate at least between North Country, Cornwall and Cockney. But the pinched, flat sounds which are coming to pass for basic screen English seem affected and out of place everywhere because they belong nowhere.

WITHOUT having seen what the censor cut out of *Daybreak* I cannot guess what harm or good he may have done. So I am prepared to give Sydney Box the benefit of the doubt to the extent of believing that the "strong meat" which I am told was extracted from the opening scene in the condemned cell might have given the picture more point. The rest, seen as cut, gives the impression of being perhaps a shade less exclusively sensational-sadistic than some other pictures from British studios and of a little more trouble taken to make it convincing. Minor characters—a barmaid, an old boatman—have more authentic life than usual. Through no discernible fault in Mr. Portman's thoroughly intelligent performance I was haunted by himself in *Wanted for Murder*. Miss Todd seemed to be meant to look as like Garbo in *Anna Christie* as she could, perhaps to substitute association for atmosphere on board the barge. Mr. Reed several times seemed to be harking back to his even nastier part in *Daughter of Darkness*.

Mr. Reed however makes an effective impudent interloper, if more Irish than Danish. The love scenes between the wife and the seaman are quite suggestive enough, the fight between seaman and hangman quite ugly enough without whatever more the censor may have cut. A contrast between my reactions to the carnage of death in this film and in *A Double Life* may have some point. In each film the score is two corpses (not counting Mr. Portman's unseen legal victims). *A Double Life* is no more than a stylish melodrama, yet it carries its dead with something of the inevitability of tragedy. *Daybreak*—as cut—makes it seem an offence to load so pointless a picture with two suicides.

JOHN MILLS reaches a peak in his career as Captain Scott in *Scott of the Antarctic*, Sir Michael Balcon's latest production at Ealing Studios. The idea of the film was first broached in 1944, and its making—in which much help was given by Scott's widow, the late Lady Kennet—involved the dispatch of a special camera team on a 30,000-mile journey to the Antarctic, and location work in Switzerland and Norway. John Mills was a unanimous choice for the leading part, both from his physical resemblance to Captain Scott, and his great success in other films of national achievement such as *Forever England*, *In Which We Serve* and *The Way to the Stars*. The beard is not artificial, but one he grew specially for the part. Mary Hayley Bell, the actress and playwright, is his wife and they have two daughters. His favourite recreations include writing, golf and gardening at his Buckinghamshire home



George BilakinsAT THE COURT
OF ST. JAMES'S

H.E. Mme. Frederic Duvigneaud, wife of the Haitian Minister

citizens, 90 per cent. pure Negro, 10 per cent. mulatto, who inhabit part of the island Columbus called Little Spain (Hispaniola), Duvigneaud risked, and often surrendered, his freedom.

But lest it be wrongly thought that the U.S.A. intervened solely to defend her bank and her railway concessions, it must be recalled that Haiti had had six Presidents in the four years ending in 1915. Three of them had been murdered, and one was killed by a mob angered by his liquidation of political rivals.

DUVIGNEAUD possesses one of the most attractive voices in the Diplomatic Corps in London, rivalled only, perhaps, by Signor Franco Montanari, of the Italian Embassy. He hopes to induce Britain to show an increased cultural interest in Haiti, and desires, too, that the exchanges of trade may widen, for Haiti views this country as one of her best customers for sugar.

At the University of Port-au-Prince, the capital, Duvigneaud read law. In 1915, aged nineteen, he started to write parliamentary news for the thrice-weekly *La Patrie*, and in 1922 was sentenced to, but did not serve, a term of imprisonment for comments against the occupation forces. Later he joined the old-established daily *Le Nouvelliste*, and became secretary of the military League of Youth. For publishing an article by a noted Haitian politician who criticised the occupation, Duvigneaud was tried by court-martial and sentenced to a long term. But hurried exchanges of cables by the U.S. envoy in Haiti led to his release late the same evening.

The editor was delighted to be told by the Public Prosecutor the next day that he was conscience-stricken over the proceedings and glad of the freedom order. But then followed several prison sentences, for periods varying from four to six weeks, and, a pleasant change, six months in the spiritual home of all educated Haitians, Paris. One incident the Minister will not easily forget. He was threatened with imprisonment if he did not undertake to publish a denial of the report about the death of a local leader. Quietly Duvigneaud guided the U.S. High Commissioner to the window—the worthy's funeral was taking place at the time in the cathedral opposite. That ended the threats.

WITH the retirement of the occupation forces, Duvigneaud became Under-Secretary for Education, then Mayor of Port-au-Prince, and Minister of the Interior. He built houses for the workers in the capital, established rural schools, organised a dollar-attracting carnival. He met generous President Roosevelt in the Republic's show-place, Cap Haitien, in 1933.

There is not much time for his favourite game of bridge, for the Minister is determined to get to know this strange city of contrasts and surprises, this centre of a thousand fascinating characters on the stage of government.



Attending the first Presentation Party at Buckingham Palace: Capt. and Mrs. Harold Henderson, Major and Mrs. A. B. Mitchell, Mr. Michael Close, Mrs. Nelson Mitchell, Major Alastair Mitchell, Mrs. Michael Close and Mrs. Alastair Mitchell



Brigadier and Mrs. Fisher, of Downton, Wiltshire, with their daughter Ann



Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Hore-Belisha arriving with Mrs. Gilbert Elliott



Major H. J. G. Collis and Mrs. Collis were accompanied by Mrs. Friedberger on their way to the Palace



Miss Angela Cross with her mother, Lady Cross, wife of Sir Ronald Cross



Miss Angela de Pass and Miss Patricia de Pass, daughters of Col. de Pass, of Henley-on-Thames



Mrs. Worthington, of Bickley, Kent, came with Miss Jean Abbott, of Kensington Court



Miss Monica Battine, for whom Lady Eden recently gave a dance at her house



Miss Valerie Simson with Mrs. J. Newman and her daughter. The party ranked as a presentation at Court for debutantes

Guests at the "Presentation Parties"



The Dowager Lady Salt with Sir Thomas Salt and Lady Salt, from Dorsetshire



Mrs. Maclareen Young, Major K. M. K. Dewar and Mrs. Dewar were three more of the guests



M. Lee En-Kuo, who is a Secretary at the Chinese Embassy, with his wife



Miss Leslie Nast was present with her mother, Mrs. Rex Benson



Mr. and Mrs. John Philpot were at the first party, at which there were 2000 guests



Starting out from the U.S. Embassy : H.E. Mrs. Lewis Douglas, Miss Sharman Douglas, Miss Felecia Warburg, Mr. P. F. Warburg, Mrs. Zinsser, Miss Firestone and H.E. Mr. Lewis Douglas



Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh ascending the grand staircase of the Paris Opera on the last evening of their visit to the city. After being received by members of the Cabinet and Directors of the Opera, the Royal couple shared a box with the President, M. Vincent Auriol

Jennifer (writing Her Social Journal from PARIS) says—

“WE ALL FELT PROUD OF THE PRINCESS”

I FLEW over to Paris very comfortably by B.E.A. before the arrival of Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh, and found Paris bathed in brilliant sunshine and gaily decorated in anticipation of the Royal visit. Flags were flying everywhere, and shops were decorated in red, white and blue in honour of “la visite de son Altesse Royal la Princesse Elizabeth, Duchesse d’Edimbourg et de son Altesse Royal le Duc d’Edimbourg,” as the French put it, with pictures of the Royal couple in every window.

In a Rue de la Paix jeweller’s were two large pictures of the young pair in frames made of pea-sized diamonds with a large diamond motif at the top; in another shop in the Rue du Castiglioni I saw the coloured picture from *The Tatler’s* Royal Wedding number, framed and adorned with two little Union Jacks. Most of the florists also dressed their windows with red, white and blue flowers.

THE warmth of the welcome given the Royal visitors during their stay was very moving. Crowds flocked to cheer them from the moment they arrived at the flower-decked Gare du Nord until they left Le Bourget five days later. I was happy to notice that since I was last in Paris, the average person in the street appeared far less drawn and tired and looked better fed; all round there seemed, at last, an air of hope for the future, in contrast to the listless resignation which one encountered everywhere last year.

On the day of their arrival, Their Royal Highnesses had a very heavy programme, especially after travelling all night. At mid-day they called on the President and Mme. Auriol at the Élysée Palace, where the President

decorated Princess Elizabeth with the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour, and the Duke of Edinburgh with the Croix de Guerre with Palm. Then to the Arc de Triomphe, where they laid a wreath on the tomb of France’s Unknown Soldier. After lunch came the high light of the visit, when Princess Elizabeth opened the exhibition of Eight Centuries of British Life in Paris at the Galliéra Museum, and in the evening they attended a large official dinner party given in their honour by the President and Mme. Auriol.

For the opening of the exhibition the Princess looked really chic in a full-skirted dress of slate-blue faille and a large hat to match as she walked between the Guard of Honour of men of the Garde Républicaine, colourful in their red and blue uniforms and brass helmets, to her seat at the top of the wide steps. She was accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, M. Pierre de Gaulle, who looks so like his brother, General de Gaulle, M. Bidault, tall, good-looking M. Pineau, M. Deproux, M. Tillier, M. Dumaine, M. Verlomme, M. Leonard, and the British Ambassador and Lady Harvey. When the Princess rose to speak, bells from a nearby church started to peal loudly, which was embarrassing for her, but calmly and with perfect poise she carried on, raising her voice slightly to make an excellent speech in fluent French which made a very deep impression on all her hearers. And, although, owing to the bells, we who were quite close could hear very little of the speech, it was heard perfectly on the wireless.

After the opening, the Royal party proceeded around the exhibits, which are from many British and French museums, as well as from private collections; among which are pictures

from the Royal collection at Windsor Castle, including one of Louis XII. by Jean Perral. The Duke of Wellington, whom I saw at the opening, has lent several interesting pieces, and so has the Earl of Elgin, whose loans include the baby robes of the infant son of the Earl and Countess of Elgin, who was born in 1804 in a Paris prison, when his parents were prisoners of Napoleon.

IN the evening when the Princess and the Duke went to dine with the President and Mme. Auriol at the Élysée Palace, H.R.H. looked really lovely in a magnificent picture gown of parchment slipper satin embroidered on the skirt and shoulders; with this she wore a fine diamond tiara, diamond necklace and corsage ornament, and across her frock the bright scarlet ribbon of her newly presented Legion of Honour. We all felt justly proud of her. This dinner party was the most brilliant given at the Élysée Palace, or anywhere in France, since the war. Women wore their loveliest dresses, and men their orders and decorations on their evening suits. On this hot evening the air was full of the perfume of flowers, which were abundant in all the rooms. In the Murat room, sweet peas in fine Sèvres bowls decorated the long candle-lit dinner table.

The President, wearing the scarlet ribbon of the Legion of Honour, received the guests with Mme. Auriol. An early arrival was the Premier, M. Robert Schuman. M. Bidault was accompanied by his attractive wife, and others included M. and Mme. Pierre de Gaulle, M. Pineau, M. Monnerville, Sir Oliver and Lady Harvey, the American Ambassador and Mrs. Jefferson Caffery, the Canadian Minister and Mrs. Vanier,

le Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Ballaigne, Mme. Paul Auriol, in beige, and M. Edouard Herriot.

THE following evening the British Ambassador and Lady Harvey gave a dinner party at the British Embassy, when representatives of the Dominions and Colonies were present with their wives, also many of the leading Ministers and Chiefs of Staff. After dinner there was a short reception. The Ambassador and Lady Harvey, who was wearing Molyneux's lovely dress with the black halter-neck top and full white satin skirt, received the guests, who then moved on into the ballroom, where they were joined later by Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh, who had been chatting to dinner guests in the Queen Victoria Room.

The Princess, who again wore a tiara and lovely jewels and the ribbon of the Legion of Honour on her lime-green taffeta evening dress—another lovely creation by the British designer Norman Hartnell, who made all the Princess's dresses for the trip—later strolled in the flood-lit Embassy garden with the Duke of Edinburgh and friends. Among the guests at this party were the former British Ambassador, Sir Alfred Duff Cooper, and Lady Diana Cooper, the French Ambassador and Mme. Massigli, the Princess's cousins, the Master of Elphinstone, the Hon. Mrs. Wills, escorted by her husband, Major John Wills, the Hon. Margaret Elphinstone and Miss Diana Bowes-Lyon; the two last-named wore their Royal bridesmaids' dresses.

Lady Alexandra Howard-Johnston was in an outstanding full-skirted dress of orchid-coloured tulle, with a strapless top, and was escorted by her husband, who is the Naval Attaché at the Embassy. The Indian Minister was accompanied by his wife, who wore a sari, as did Mrs. Bajby and her daughter. Others there included Viscount Duncannon, who had been busy making the arrangements for the Royal visit, Mr. Ashley Clarke, the Minister, and his popular American-born wife, who was Miss Virginia Bell from New York, the Duke of Wellington, Mme. Brettay, of the Comédie Française, who was presented to the Princess, and her daughter, Major Beville Pain, the Assistant Military Attaché, Miss Diana Little, attractive in white faille, Mme. Patenotre, who has since the war entered politics, and is now a member of the Concée de la République, as well as Mayor of Rambouillet, where the President has his weekend chateau; the Military Attaché, Major-Gen. Salisbury-Jones, and Mrs. Salisbury-Jones; Mme. Tabouis, M. Maurice Schumann, who broadcast to France from the B.B.C. during the war and is now one of the leaders of M.R.P.; and Lady Margaret Egerton, Lt. Michael Parker and Mr. Jock Colville, who had come over with the Royal couple.

THESE were the two big parties during the visit. There was also the brilliant Gala at the Opera House on the last night, which was one of the most wonderful spectacles, as may be seen from the pictures here, but I leave Priscilla to describe this more fully on another page. The Royal visit also included trips to Versailles, Fontainebleau, Longchamp, and a reception at the Hotel Lauzun, which was preceded by a journey down the Seine in a motor-launch, the banks of the river being lined the whole way by a cheering crowd. I watched this river journey from the balcony of M. and Mme. Bourges-Manoury's lovely apartment on the Quai d'Orsay, nearly opposite the Place de la Concorde, where one could see right across Paris, a magnificent sight with the sun shining at intervals on the Church of the Sacred Heart, high up in Montmartre.

My charming host and hostess had invited a party of friends who were eager to see the Royal visitors go past and cheer them on their way.

These included Baronne de Pierrebourg, Mme. de la Combe, the Comte de Monteynard and his attractive wife, who speaks perfect English, M. and Mme. Bonnier de la Chapelle, M. Beverina and his wife, who was a great worker for the Resistance during the war as Myrtle Heirell, and also S/Ldr. Gilmour-Wood, who was in charge of the guard of honour from the Paris branch of the R.A.F. Association, which mounted guard with the British Legion when the Royal party went to the British Embassy Church next morning. S/Ldr. Gilmour-Wood, a very live wire among the British colony, works enthusiastically for this Paris branch of the R.A.F. Association and later told me a little about it. It is formed not only of British ex-R.A.F. personnel, but men who came from the Empire and now live in Paris, including Australians, South Africans and New Zealanders. There is also a big percentage of Frenchmen in the Association—men who, during the war, joined the Free French and were seconded to our R.A.F. He has organised a ball and gala to raise funds for the Association, which is to take place at the Georges V. next Friday, June 4th.

WHILE I was in Paris, I went to an amusing dinner party given by Mr. and Mrs. Willie Durand, who have many friends in this country; here I met their son, Patrick, who is studying law, the Comtesse d'Assembourg, on a visit from Luxembourg, where her husband is Chamberlain to the Grand Duchess, and her hostess, Mrs. Fred-Faure, who told me she is visiting England early this month, Mrs. Molly Watney, who is working at the British Embassy, and the Hon. Frank Roche, who makes his home in Paris. He was in great form and looking so like his twin brother, Lord Fermoy. Also there were Mrs. Ronald McLintock and her daughter, Mrs. Anthony Grey, over on a brief visit, M. Jean Jacques Journe, and Mr. Josselin Bodley, the painter, who exhibited in London and New York between the two wars, in which he served in the 60th. He has now once again returned to painting, and is having an exhibition in Paris from June 8th at the Galerie Licorne in the Boulevard Haussman.

THERE were amazing scenes of enthusiasm at Longchamp as Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh entered the President's box with the Canadian Minister and Mrs. Vanier, with whom they had been lunching, the British Ambassador and Lady Harvey, and a large party of friends. The racing was excellent, and once again the colours of M. Marcel Boussac were well to the fore when he won the Poule d'Essai des Pouliches with Corteira and was second in the Poule d'Essai des Poulauds with Golestan. These two races are the equivalent of our One Thousand and Two Thousand Guineas.

During my visit I went to the newly-opened Maison de la Résistance des Allies, which has partly taken the place of the now-closed British Officers' Club. Here I found large photographs on the walls of Mr. Churchill and Mr. Anthony Eden beside those of Generals de Gaulle, Eisenhower, Leclerc and Koenig. I dined one night at Maxim's, where the clothes were wonderful and the food as good as ever, and went



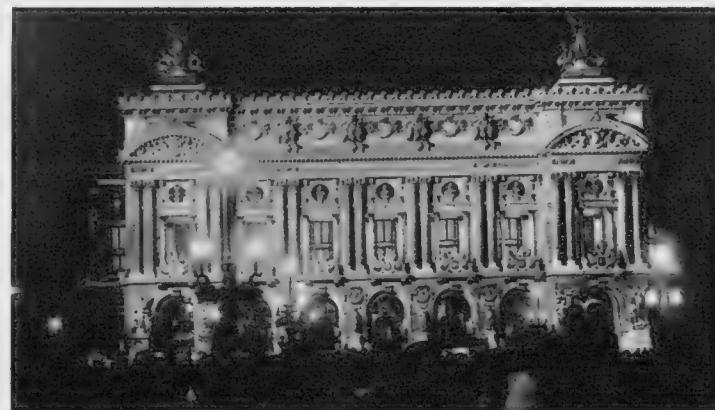
The Princess waves to the crowd before entering the Opera. With her are M. Jules Moch, Minister of the Interior (left), and M. Pierre Abelin, Minister of Information

on to Chez Carrère, in the Rue François Lieré, where there is an excellent band. Many people who were in Paris shortly after the war will remember Carrère's, which opened in 1945 as "Forty-Five," and next year was called "Forty-Six," then became Chez Carrère after the owner. It was here that the Royal couple went on to dance with a party of friends after dining at the Tour d'Argent one night.

AT the Ritz, where I stayed, I saw during my visit Mr. and Mrs. Ian Campbell, Viscount Ednam and his very chic Argentine-born wife, the Hon. Max and Mrs. Aitkin, Mr. Reginald Wright, who had come up from Biarritz and was flying to America next day, Baronne de Wardener, Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Dance, who had flown over from Warwickshire, Mrs. Brinsley Plunket, over from Ireland, and her elder daughter, Neelia, who is staying with friends in Paris (Mrs. Plunket told me they would be over in England from the second week in June for a short stay); and Mrs. John Osborne, who was on her way to St. Jean de Luz with her small son before they sail for New York, where her husband has been posted. The Osbornes have made many friends during their two years in London, where they will be much missed.

Others I met during my visit were Lord and Lady Windlesham, who are living in Paris at present, Miss Alex Levy, over for a week's visit, Lady Deterding, who is selling her home, Buckhurst Park, at Ascot, and is living in Paris; Lady Sudely, who was on her way home from the South of France, where she had been enjoying the bathing, and Lord St. Aldwyn and his fiancée, Mrs. Diana Smyly, who came over to see the racing at Longchamp on the Sunday, and Baron de Wardener, who won last year's Derby with Pearl Diver.

I flew back in a brilliantly clear sky, the sun setting over England as we arrived. My ears still rang—not with the noise of the plane, but with the sound of the cheering which for five days had accompanied the sight of the black limousine bearing the standard of H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth.



The Floodlit Opera as the Princess arrived. The crowd broke through the barricades and police reinforcements in their enthusiasm, and H.R.H. kept the light on in her car so that they might see her



The hunters being judged on the first day of the Show



A children's event, for riders of twelve and under, in progress

THE ROYAL WINDSOR HORSE SHOW

Brilliant weather favoured this celebrated three-day Show in the perfect setting of the Home Park



Among the visitors to the Show were the Duchess of Kent and the Earl of Athlone. Prince Edward is sitting beside the Duchess, and Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, is seated behind the Earl. Second from the right is Princess Alexandra



Mrs. F. Haydon driving Harlock Chiquita, winner of the Hackney Pony Championship



Mr. H. Tatlow riding Beau Geste, winner of the Middleweight Hunter Class



Monday Morning, first prize-winner in the Ladies' Hunter Class, ridden by Mrs. W. Ransome



The Coaching Marathon was a very successful and picturesque event



Each afternoon the Household Cavalry executed the Musical Ride



Mr. and Mrs. W. Humble talking to Mr. and Mrs. S. Berkeley-Owen during a pause in the proceedings



Lady Honor Llewellyn, who is the second daughter of the Earl of Lisburne, with Countess Danneskjold



Mr. Anthony Motion chatting outside the buffet tent with Miss Alison Brewis and Miss Mary Wardlaw



Pat Moss, winner of the Children's Jumping event, receives her cup from Peter Harrison



Gordon Hiscock, riding Jennifer Skelton's Chocolate Box, receives the pony championship cup from Princess Alexandra



Princess Alice hands the cup for one of the children's pony classes to Jennifer Skelton, who is riding Picture Play



Miss Petronilla Elliott with Mr. Anthony Sheldon and Miss Clodagh de Courcy-Bennett



Viscount Knutsford and Earl Fortescue, who were the judges in the Hunter Classes



Col. and Mrs. V. D. S. Williams talking to Lt.-Col. Sir Archibald Weigall, Bt.



V. D. S. Williams was the winner of the Ladies' Hack Class on Clogheen



Count Orssich on Mrs. Stanley Barrait's Harvest Moon, the Hunter champion



Sir Dymoke White, Bt., M.P., driving his coach to second place in the Marathon



Priscilla in Paris

A Visit to Remember

Of the many grand and stirring moments of the Royal visit, the one that moved the old die-hard sentimentalist that I am most deeply was when a girlishly shy, yet graciously dignified, young Princess rose from her seat on the dais outside the Musée Galliéra and began her speech in French.

This was the speech for which the French nation was waiting with affectionate curiosity. Many of Princess Elizabeth's listeners found it necessary to overcome a sudden tightening of the throat and blink away an unexpected tear of pleasurable emotion as, in slightly trembling tones at first, the simply worded, charming sentences made their way to the heart of every hearer. One thought also of two august personages on the other side of the Channel, who must have been listening-in, and must have felt a tremor of pride at the personal success of their daughter.

The sudden pealing of church bells that so amazingly coincided with Princess Elizabeth's first words proved, on the wireless, a not unsuitable accompaniment to the girlish voice that quickly gained assurance, and thus it happened that millions of listeners were better off than the privileged few in the vicinity of the Galliéra Museum, where the chimes of the nearby church of St. Pierre de Chaillot sounded too loudly.

This unforeseen disturbance was due to the fact that at Whitsuntide French children are confirmed and make the first Communion. The streets of Paris are full of little girls in long, white organdie frocks and veils, while small boys wear strange versions of the Eton jacket with white-fringed brassards on their left arm. The bells ring out joyously in celebration of what is considered the happiest day in their young lives.

On the morning of the Royal arrival I was at a window overlooking the Champs Élysées. At twelve o'clock the crowd was already considerable, but at five minutes past the hour it became dense. All the workers, freed for their midday meal, rushed to the barriers carrying chairs and boxes to stand upon, and by the time the Royal visitors drove past to lay their wreath on the Unknown Soldier's grave, young people had climbed into all the trees.

How they waved and cheered while the prevailing, delighted cry was: "SHE'S wearing the Grand Cordon!" and, indeed, the red ribbon stood out bravely against the Princess's pale grey coat. H.R.H.'s frocks have aroused enthusiastic comments, and her interpretation of the "niou-lougue"—which is the nearest that non-English-speaking Parisians can get to the correct pronunciation—is voted the perfection of good taste.

The renowned Left Bank restaurant La Tour d'Argent, at which T.R.H. dined one evening before going on to Carrère's cabaret, was well chosen; not only

for the perfection of the cuisine—it was there that "M. Frédéric" invented his famous *canard au sang*—but because of the magnificent view, from the glass-enclosed terrace, over the river and the Cathedral of Notre Dame, as dusk falls and the city's lights go up.

The amusement world of Paris was proud to hear that Edith Piaf had been honoured by the invitation to appear at the entertainment given for the young couple at Carrère's charming restaurant and cabaret in the rue Pierre Charron. What a splendid reward after the years of utter poverty when she sang in the streets and was known as "la môme" Piaf before success made her the foremost singer of the day and "the brat" became a star. It was a thrilling moment for the tiny, dark, solemn child when she curtsied to the smiling, golden Princess, who invited her to her table for a few minutes.

If the biggest crowd that gathered together during the Royal visit was—numerically—at the Longchamp races, the most impenetrable was outside the Opera House on Monday night. At Longchamp one could, at least, slowly move about, but behind the police-guarded barriers that enclosed the floodlit Place de l'Opéra the great mass of sightseers remained stationary, and owner-drivers who were obliged to park their cars some distance away, and mistakenly found themselves on the wrong side of the barrier, literally had to fight their way to the broad steps of the entrance, where, from eight o'clock onwards—the gala started at nine—the guests were slowly filtered into the Opera House between cordons of Gardes Républicaine in dress uniform. It was a warm evening, bare shoulders and backs emerging from the loveliest frocks, mingled with masculine uniforms and "tails."

During the second interval the Princess and the Duke visited the famous *joyer de la danse*, where the leading members of the ballet were presented to them. Amongst the French guests I saw the Marquise d'Arcangues, who returned from her lovely home at Biarritz in order to be present; *La Générale* Mast, wife of the Resident-Governor of Tunisia; M. Gombault and his pretty English-born wife; Mme. Bertrand du Vivier, wearing a lovely Paquin creation; the Baronne de Paats; M. Maurice Fresson, vice-president of the Cercle Carpeaux; the Marquise de Pomereu; the charming, Tanagra-like Duchesse d'Harcourt, and the Comtesse Palfy. But one would need to transcribe at least half of the many pages of the *Bottin Mondain* to set down all the notabilities present. One fears that Princess Elizabeth may have felt the strain of this short visit, crowded, as it was, with so many engagements, but her smiling fortitude has endeared her to every heart, and all France hopes that their Royal Highnesses will some day be able to repeat their visit in a more leisurely manner.

Voilà!

• The nine-year-old son of a political personage, who has hitherto only seen elderly notabilities at his parents' house, remarked after his first glimpse of their Royal Highnesses:

"Then fairy-tale Princes and Princesses are really true!"



Departure of Admiral Sir Algernon Willis, K.C.B., the Retiring C.-in-C. Mediterranean Fleet

Admiral Willis gets down to the tiller as he is rowed away to H.M.S. Newcastle. He has held the command since 1946, and is succeeded by Admiral Sir Arthur J. Power, G.B.E., K.C.B., C.V.O.

The six senior naval officers who, in accordance with tradition, rowed Admiral Willis in the captain's galley : Capt. E. M. C. Abel Smith, Capt. T. E. Podger, Rear-Admiral H. G. Norman (Chief of Staff to C.-in-C. Mediterranean Station), Capt. G. M. Sladen, Capt. R. D. Watson and Capt. G. V. Gladstone

The Hon. Mabel Strickland, O.B.E. (right), presents Lady Willis with a bouquet. In the centre is Mrs. Denny, wife of Rear-Admiral M. M. Denny. Lady Willis is Mrs. C. R. Atlee's sister

"The Cater" pays a visit to— MALTA, THE GEORGE CROSS ISLAND



The First Horse Show for Eight Years, on the Polo Ground at the Marsa

Lady Willis, who presented the prizes, handing a cup to Miss Symonds-Tayler, daughter of Rear-Admiral Symonds-Tayler, for winning the under sixteen riding competition

Capt. E. M. C. Abel Smith, Lady Mary Abel Smith, who is the younger sister of the Earl of Southesk, Miss June Troubridge and Miss Rosemary Abel Smith



Holiday Guests at the Newly-Opened Hotel Phoenicia

Walking down the steps are Capt. and Mrs. Hodges, while on the right are Miss June Troubridge, daughter of Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Troubridge, and F/Lt. Darcey

Admiral Norman, Admiral Sir Thomas Troubridge (2nd i.c. Mediterranean Station), Col. Binnie, Mrs. Norman, Viscountess Buckmaster, Miss Troubridge, Lady Troubridge and F/Lt. Darcey



In the President's box at Longchamp races on the third day of the visit. The Duke of Edinburgh holds race-glasses, while beyond Princess Elizabeth is Mme. Vincent Auriol, wife of the President. In the foreground (hand on rail) is Sir Oliver Harvey, the British Ambassador

THE PRINCESS TOOK PARIS BY STORM

A visit which did more for Anglo-French understanding than a hundred speeches



Spectators on a balcony over the river cheering the Princess and the Duke as they landed at the Quai d'Anjou for a lunch given them by the Paris Council at the Hotel de Lauzun



Going to open the "Eight Centuries of British Life in Paris" Exhibition, with M. Pierre de Gaulle, Lord Mayor of Paris



A visit to Versailles. H.R.H. is greeted by M. Armand Ziwe, Prefect of the Seine et Marne Department, in the courtyard of the Grand Trianon



The bouquet. A charming incident during an afternoon at Fontainebleau. The young villager is Solange Chalut-Natal



Shaking hands with Viscount Duncannon, private secretary to the British Ambassador, after a cocktail party for younger people at Neuilly.

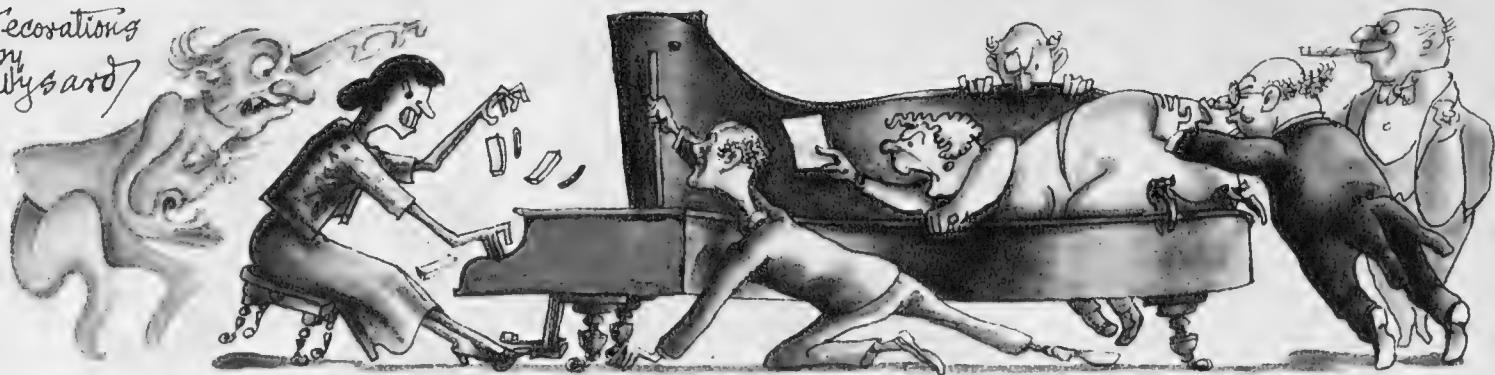


Leaving a cabaret, the Chez Carrère near the Champs-Élysées, which the Royal couple visited after dining at the Tour d'Argent



Arriving at the Opera for a gala performance of ballet on the last night of the visit. An immense crowd gathered to greet her

Decorations
by
Wysard



Advantages and disadvantages of the modern concert-grand . . .

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By . . .

BEHIND a steel-wristed sweetheart blasting her way through a Chopin group the other night one could hardly avoid seeing a pale and furious ghost restraining itself with difficulty from giving that girl a clip on each ear.

Partly the fault of the pianoforte, we thought. The modern concert-grand is too noisy and metallic for Chopin, especially when our Old Roedean girls get down to it. The makers should reproduce the mild, mellow, early Pleyels and Broadwoods Chopin used himself. If they need a model, the Pleyel he used in Mallorca is still preserved at Valldemosa, with a portrait of George Sand, looking like Ole Sis' Horse in *Uncle Remus*, and other relics. Any healthy British girl pianist could reduce that pianoforte to matchwood in five minutes, unless warned.

Afterthought

IF the modern concert-grand has an advantage, it is that huge howling sopranis can be tipped suddenly into the roomy tail-end by the accompanist and locked in, as happened at a recent recital. After an animated scene, watched dumbly by some 500 stuffed-shirts, the accompanist shouted: "Is Concert-Direction Joe Schmaltz in the house?" A stout frizzy figure at the rear grunted: "Hello, there!" This conversation ensued:

"Sorry to give her the works, Joe, but she was getting me down."

"Yuh, well look, boy, you din ought to of done it without you give me or Izzy a big hello first, see?"

"Well, you know how it is, Joe, something just went snap."

"Okay. Seems to me like she's creatin' hell."

"Well, she'd be doing that anyway."

"Okay."

Concert-Direction Joe Schmaltz, having lit a cigar very leisurely, then waved the assembled stuffed-shirts with one fat finger towards the exits, and the stuffed-shirts went home; if you can call it home.

Ur

ARCHÆOLOGISTS—or at least the serfs they employ to dig while they lie in tents, tossing back whisky—have just unearthed Eridu, near Ur of the Chaldees, the oldest city of the Sumerian Era; which discovery has probably started a lot of Hugo fans off, mopping and mowing:

Tout reposait dans Ur et dans Jérusalem . . .

As for us, we think fondly of the other Ur, away in the Cerdagne under the Sierra del Cadi.

Only the postman's horn and the unceasing sound of running water disturbed the peace of that Pyrenean valley some years ago, when we had a terrific row there with a very dear friend, a man named Morton. Bucketfuls of quiet are all archæologists would ever dig from Ur of the Cerdagne. Its only excitement happened in the second Carlist War (1839), when a dusty horseman galloping that way one evening from Puycerda, the Spanish hill-town up the valley, shouted: "Cabriñet has routed the Cristinos! Ole!" To which the locals of Ur replied: "Oh, yes? Maria-Cristina is Queen of—er—Spain, is she not?" and resumed their placid meditations.

Bucketfuls and bagfuls and sackloads of luminous Pyrenean peace . . . How like you to mention the recent discovery of the radio (a device for spreading pain and misery, they tell us).

Doom

A CITIZEN crying to Auntie *Times* that the late Indian Civil Service has never been given its due for magnificent work was perfectly right. He might have added that the basinsful of dust-and-ashes awaiting every retiring Anglo-Indian mogul since the Golden Age of the Nabobs ended has always been hard enough to endure anyway.

This climax has generally resolved itself into a sequence of Three Awful Moments:

1. The moment when the mogul on awaking finds himself lying not in a noble cedar bed, inlaid with jewelled gods of the Hindu Pantheon and standing under a silken punkah in a cool, lofty verandah chamber opening on sunlit lawns, but in a small South Coast villa-bedroom in a cold wet summer dawn.

2. The moment when, having clapped imperious hands and cried "Quai-hai!", there appears not a horde of obsequious turbaned figures gliding in from nowhere, but the figure (if any) of a small, frowsy, and rebellious maid.

3. The moment when the mogul tells his story of the Commissioner at the Simla dance for the third time in the local golfclub bar.

All this must be terrible for Anglo-Indian bloodpressure, says you. You're right, cully, says we, heaving a sigh. Enough to make a mogul burst, says you. He does often, says we, but the best kind gets over it.

Amende

MEDITATING on the recent centenary of Queen's College for Women, Harley Street, we wondered what it must be like for that rosebud garden of girls to bloom—

if one may put it delicately—in the very bosom of Britain's most expensive viscera-snatchers.

An ex-alumna and a Harley Street boy alike have assured us that no harm befalls. The hirelings of Aesculapius, when a fair Queen's College undergraduate trips by their windows, tall as a lance and fresh as an April morning, like the girl in *Don Quixote*, certainly nudge each other, like the libertines in Pall Mall clubs, but for a different reason. "Look, Gashworthy!" they cry, licking their lips. "There goes a perfectly sweet little re-entrant lesion of Boffin's Gland!" or "Hist, Hackshaw! On the opposite pavement—a simply adorable compound-recession of the outer coronary fibula!" In other words (explained this Harley Street chap) they look at girls not as girls but as potential slab-fodder.

This verbal statement should reassure mothers who hesitate to plunge an English Rose into the murky Hippocratic underworld, though we must say we'd personally require something in writing.

Remedy

APPALLED by all the gabble that goes on daily at congresses, conferences, assemblies, conventions, and chatter-circles of every description, a chap crying recently for one day of compulsory silence a week doubtless reminded students of Middle Eastern history of a contretemps in the reign of Asshurbanipal of Assyria (668-626, B.C.), summed up by a local poet in the following lines:

There once was a little Assyrian satrap

Who never could close his dainty rat-trap;
Which drove the inhabitants of Assyria
Into frantic, prolonged, and ignoble deliria.

It was slightly worse for the Assyrians on account of the beards they wore—rows and rows of tight little blue-black curls which drove them frantic to begin with. Only one of our current master-gabblers strains the babble through a beard, and what a beard! Assyrian goats wore better ones.

Naturally the Trappist Cure would do us all good, but alas, silence implies thinking, which is what professional gabblers dread more than anything. Hence the modern confusion between sitting quietly thinking and sitting quietly stinking, a totally different process. We are now taking you over to a centre of babble in which you will note a high-pitched yell at regular intervals, like that which terrified the Ancient Mariner.

. . . the Pilot's boy

Who now doth crazy go,
Laugh'd loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro . . .

If you could only see their eyes!



An Assyrian beard

The Ulster Grand National at Downpatrick



Mr. W. H. McMillan, Mayor of Bangor, talking to Earl Granville, Governor of Northern Ireland



Mrs. Gerald Annesley, of Castlewellan, Co. Down, in the Members' Enclosure



Mrs. B. Doxford, daughter of Sir George and Lady Clark, of Co. Antrim, with Mrs. B. Drummond



Miss K. Wilson has a final word with Mrs. G. W. Panter before one of the races



Lady Eleanor Anley, elder daughter of the Earl of Kilmorey, with Major Myles Riley



Lt.-Col. G. Wilson and Miss J. A. Booker were others who saw Silent Prayer win the big race



The Hon. Mrs. G. Wellesley, the owner, with her sister, Viscountess Jocelyn, wife of the Earl of Roden's heir



Miss M. Kirkpatrick discussing the horses with Miss E. S. Workman and Miss A. E. Hughes

Whitsun Racing at Leopardstown



Mrs. Alexander, wife of Major John Alexander, with Mrs. C. Tremayne, from Gloucestershire



Mrs. Denis Baggallay with Miss D. de Burgh, of Naas, who hunts with the 'Killing Kildares'



Lt.-Col. Denis Daly with Mrs. R. Turner, wife of the handicapper to all Irish meetings



Viscountess Adare and Mr. Rory More O'Ferrall. Lord Adare was one of the stewards

Fennell, Dublin



THE FATHER
and Bystander
JUNE 2, 1938



U.S. Curtis Cup Golfers Who Defeated Great Britain at Birkdale

Polly Riley, trans-Mississippi golf champion, demonstrates her swing. She beat Miss M. Ruttle 3 and 2 in the singles

Standing: Polly Riley (Texas), Peggy Kirk (reserve), Jean Hopkins (reserve), Grace Lenczyk (Connecticut). Sitting: Dorothy Kirby (Atlanta), Mrs. Glenna Vare (captain), Louise Suggs (Atlanta; U.S. National Champion), Mrs. Julius Page (N. Carolina), Dorothy Kiely (California)



D. R. Stuart

Dorothy Kiely, who comes from Los Angeles, practises her short game. She won her match 2 and 1 against Mrs. Z. Bolton

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire

LAST words are usually difficult, and sometimes even unpleasant, especially if they happen to be: "If you don't do as I tell you inside two seconds, I'll knock seven bells out of you!" Where any big race is concerned we always get a whole dictionary of them, and, in the end, find ourselves in the bemused state of the gentleman who came into "a little bit of splosh."

And this year we have had more than our fair ration: as, for instance: (1) "Jock Scot can beat the best!" and then he gets laid out stone cold by an unknown. (2) My Babu is a first-class investment after the way he won the Guineas—only a long head from The Cobbler, who they have discovered cannot possibly get more than a mile. (3) Black Tarquin, as menacing as Lars Porsena himself, until he could never see the way that one not considered worth running in the Derby went. (4) Pride of India, a picture horse, third, galloped to a standstill in the Guineas, and nothing since beyond a very unconvincing gallop at Hurst against a lot of well-meaning animals. They say he was bumped and badgered, but he never looked like a winner. (5) "The best three-year-old in France" (My Love)—and we cannot possibly know how much this means, because we have absolutely no collateral form to help us. And (6) take a pin, shut your eyes, and stick it in amongst the rest and possibly you've got the winner.

What Does "A" Do Next?

It is very difficult to say. My Babu overreached in the Guineas, and his prudent trainer did the very right thing in giving him a shot of anti-tetanic which, like most of these things, is apt to cause temporary discomfort. Not having seen the cut I do not know how deep it was. It is usually made by the sharp inner edge of the hind shoe, very rarely by the toe, and provided it is not up on the tendon, is not serious. It was very unfortunate that this should happen so comparatively close on to June 5th. I used to find that beveling the edge of the shoe greatly reduced the risk of damage. Some of these inner curves can get as sharp as a razor. On good going, such as it was on Guineas day, it is rather surprising that it should have happened at all. In boggy, soggy ground, with, in addition, some obstacles to surmount, you are never very surprised at anything, but at Newmarket it was all plain sailing, and it was just sheer bad luck.

The Jeremiahs, of course, at once said that My Babu was out, and probably would not run, but those lynx-eyed genii of the Ring took, and still take, no liberties, and if he is right enough to run he is sure to start favourite, and after

what has been happening it is very difficult to find one to beat him. Colonel Giles Loder's ugly duckling, The Cobbler, may be our white hope, and, incidentally, he is not ugly at all—far from it—and I have always been batting on his side, and still am so doing. If it were not for the Epsom Jinx which will keep his fangs in Gordon Richards, some of us might be more hopeful, but personally I have a great respect for Jinxes and Djinns, and other uncomfortable things like that.

I do not see how we dare back Black Tarquin after that Newmarket Stakes. He never was there with a winning chance, and what a pity it now seems that Sir Percy Loraine took his conqueror out of the Derby. More Jinx business! I do not know what Black Tarquin goes under the stick, but he looks to me about 16.3, and is big with it. A tremendous colt, good-looking enough for anything, but I expect an outsize for the Derby, even if otherwise good enough. His last performance at Lingfield was not convincing, to say no more!

I believe that we are going to have to take a lot of notice of the French, and H.H. the Aga Khan would not have bought a half-share in

My Love unless he knew a bit more than you or I, for, although the Aga is not a Scotsman, he does not believe in flinging his money about. How good this colt is we do not know, but his price has been consistently shortening and so there must be money coming from somewhere. I hear he is a big one, but I have not seen him. There also appears to be substantial support for that Chester winner, Valognes, but I agree with so many other people that it is always wisest to look a bit sideways at Chester form. However, with nothing really formidable amongst our defenders, I do not think we dare disregard the omens.

At the moment it looks as though the going will be as hard as the high road, and this will not suit either the heavyweights, or anything like My Babu, who has suffered a recent injury. To sum up, I say let us mind our eye where the French are concerned, for it is quite on the cards that there may be another Pearl Diver episode.

Gladiators

THE shocking fate which recently overtook a boxing referee, who got knocked cold by both the competitors with simultaneous sockdolagers just when he was about to award the verdict to one of them and kindly walked in between them to make them break, induces the thought that it was very lucky that, in the times of the original gladiators at that popular playhouse, The Colosseum, there was no Ref. in the ring at all, and it was all done by the gallery girls, who turned their thumbs up or down according to taste.

It causes a shudder even to contemplate what might have happened if things had been as they were recently at Newark, N.J. The wretched creature, even if he had escaped being caught in a net and spiked by a trident, might have had his ears cut off by a Roman short sword, or his skull opened by a battle-axe. In America the referee recovered after a time, and was sufficiently back to remember which one was the winner. What a nice, forgiving man he must be!

Purely Personal

My kind Editor permits me to put in a short word of thanks to all the friends, known and unknown, and to all the book reviewers who have been so nice about a new book, *Monarchy and The Chase*, because, just at the moment, circumstances make it very difficult for me to write to each one personally, having so recently lost the one person in the world who would have been glad to know that this book had pleased so many. My most sincere thanks.



"Er . . . not for me, Briggs"

EMMWOOD: A NEW SERIES

WARRIOR WARBLERS

(NO. 1)

A bird whose sleek plumage is seldom ruffled, in spite of its extreme liking for a mêlée

ADULT MALE: General colour above pinkish, crested with awe-inspiring indigo, felt-like feathers, much furbelowed at the extremities: at certain times the bird has a habit of appearing in its bearskin. It is then most gorgeous to behold. Beak curved and red, or rich tawny in the case of the older birds, and neatly slotted beneath the crest feathers; tufted below the beak, sparsely with the younger individuals, heavily in the case of the older: the bird would appear to be most proud of these latter tufts, judging from their inordinate fondness for grooming same with the tips of their wing-coverts; body feathers chocolate-tinted; metallic growths are to be found on the gular region of the upper coverts; these latter increasing in size, and importance, as the bird acquires seniority; shanks graceful; feet in the very young and the very old inclined to be suede-like in texture; it is only in the keener and more hard-working members of the species that they are found to be leathery.

HABITS: Though the Birdcage Creeper is one of the most gorgeous of the species, it is, also, a doughty little fighter: and, wherever or whenever the brood are gathered—Flagrante Bello—their rousing cry, a kind of "Bynumbas-Urguardsanatem," is to be heard. The bird's flight is most graceful and smooth, in spite of—or because of—its somewhat top-heavy appearance; although it must be admitted that many months of strict training, when young, are required to enable the bird to perform its graceful manœuvres with such rigidity of the tertiary feathers: more especially when its sight would appear to be impaired by its crest feathers. The older individuals may often be observed chasing the younger birds, when the latter have taken off on the wrong foot: it is even more amusing when a younger bird is observed catching an older individual on the hop—and if it dares.

HABITATS: The Birdcage Creeper is to be found, most commonly, uttering its odd little cries and performing its laudable little manœuvres on, and around, the open spaces that are to be found in London's more verdant areas. It cuts a very commendable caper when creeping, to and fro, about its birdcage, slowly turning its head, this way and that, in search of prey. Its favourite nesting-places would appear to be the more salubrious ménages de manger that abound in the western areas. The bird will migrate in great flocks to foreign places, where they engage themselves, right heartily, in exterminating the more disreputable rodents.



The Great Crested Guardee—or Little Birdcage Creeper

(Vivat-Thbagatel)

Scoreboard by R.C. Robertson-Glasgow.

IT was one of those seaside places where the principal citizens walk about in sneakers and nobody reads *Hansard*. The air is a miracle. Kings of commerce who have rolled insensible under the table at 11.10 p.m. are sitting starry-eyed in their offices at 8.35 next morning and dictating letters of painful clarity to their esteemed clients. The end of the pier is about six full brassies and six nervous puts from the promenade. "Give us length, Mr. Nottleworthy," said the Clerk of the Works to the marine architect, "and the breadth can look after itself." He did, and it could.

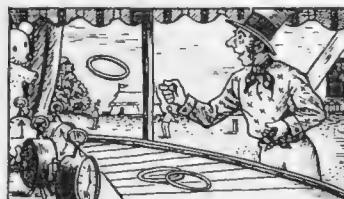
IT was in the thirsty thirties that we took a cricket Test selector to the end of that pier, and remarked to him, "Sir; the England team is in your pocket; there is the sea; take your choice." But that downy old official had left the tell-tale document in his Sunday suit, and all he could produce was a ticket for a Police Concert, a pencil-sharpener and a faded photograph of a fat spaniel. Not quite all; for, from a secret pocket, most reluctantly, he drew a piece of paper on which was written: "Law 42. The wicket-keeper shall stand behind the wicket. Redraft and clarify."

Well; there was a cricket match going on in this borrough; and I, acting upon

instructions received, was going through the motions of reporting it. Towards the evening—the time, as the poet says, of the loosening of oxen—two small boys strayed into the sacred space reserved for the profane critics. Each sat down at a temporarily deserted typewriter and went through the motions of describing the play for the enlightenment of millions of phantom readers. I wondered what they would have liked to write.

Unguessed, indeed unfathomable, are the thoughts of youth. I remember the diary of a boy at school being picked up and, of course, perused by all-comers. There was only one entry, referring to the previous Sunday, which included a visiting preacher. "Prayers," it ran, "far too long; and I don't like the Oxford accent in sermons." I don't think these young cricket correspondents would have stuck to the play. There would have crept in such entries as, "Where's Dad now? As if we didn't know." And, "Why did Aunty Cissie bring her knitting?"

ENGLISH cricket doesn't cater much for the ladies. In Australia, it's different. At their cricket matches the ladies out-number, and often out-shout, the men. You'd think they'd stay



at home, reading the instructions about a new cooker, or powdering the baby; but there they are, telling the bowler to keep 'em off the leg, and cover-point to fetch a bag. The new buildings of the Lancashire County Cricket Club at Old Trafford are to contain a grandstand exclusively for the ladies, with cocktail-bar, and, some say, a debating-hall.

MYSELF, I forecast an increasing sophistication and luxuriation of big cricket. Cocktail-bars are only a symptom. There is a vast and unsatisfied urge towards building. Aneurin Bevan cannot live for ever. One day, Test Matches will be set off by side-shows. When the crowd weary of the Bradman of the day, they will be able to turn aside to throw wooden hoops over alarm-clocks, shoot ping-pong balls off fountains, and cool the fever of living on the Scenic Railway (Patrons are Advised to leave their Hats on the Pegs Provided).

No longer will Rain Stop Play. Indoor arenas will be run up, compared with which the Albert Hall will be just a wedding-ring, and World Tests will be played to the accompaniment of canned music, pea-nuts and rattles. Aha; that will be something like life.

But, by then, you and I, impatient reader, will be under the long roots of the violets. Anyhow, I prefer to sit on a couple of rusty nails at Much-Sleeping, and watch Mr. Sam Broadbathom, the carpenter, take the fast bowling on his Albert chain.

Elizabeth Bowen's

Book Reviews

"THE HEART OF THE MATTER" (Heinemann; 9s. 6d.) shows Graham Greene at the full of his stature as a novelist: which is to say, towering above his contemporaries and setting a high mark for younger writers who are to follow. François Mauriac, in an essay, spoke of that one book of which every novelist feels himself capable, which foreshadows itself in the work that he does achieve, and continues to make his achievements, though they may satisfy his readers, faintly dissatisfying to himself. The potentialities of that still-to-be-written book continue to inspire, afflict and haunt him. In the end, who is to know but the man himself whether that book is ever written, whether it is, when it comes to the fact, writeable? It may have been the hard fate of many successful men to die with their real capacities unrealised.

Whether *The Heart of the Matter* is the book that Graham Greene has up to now been always moving towards, only he can know. Certainly to the reader it would appear to be the culmination of something. At the same time, this author is still young in the sense that he may be expected to have decades of work still ahead of him; so it may be taken there must be much more to come.

All, then, that need be said is that Mr. Greene is happy enough to have written a novel by whose value he should not fear to be judged, either by the present day or the future. As for ourselves—our unhappily fluid century has not had, so far, so very many landmarks: we should be glad of this one.

* * *

THIS novel's having an awe-inspiring theme does not prevent its being supremely readable. Stories on a far smaller scale have been told with far more fuss. Dense chunks of prose and portentous dialogue have come to be associated with the large concept; readers have been bludgeoned into believing they must be being uplifted because they are being more than half bored. The unboringness of Graham Greene may be a minor virtue, but it is a true one: he heads—and is, I am glad to say, being followed in—an important break away from obscurity, long-windedness and analysis that goes round and round in circles. For some time, his novels have been showing the well-built compactness and mobility of the ideal thriller. One may, in passing, apply to *The Heart of the Matter* the seldom justified statement that here is a book impossible to put down.

One becomes, thus, engaged almost insidiously painlessly with a novel which it is an ordeal to follow through. Ordeal, that is to say, in the sense in which tragedy worthy of the name must be an ordeal: pity and terror. The story opens with a satiric blandness: the scene is a port on the West African coast, in wartime; we find ourselves among a colony of British officials and their wives. Everything steams; everyone sweats; the gin is warm; vultures scrabble on the iron roofs; there is a night-black-out; from time to time sirens scream.

To this scene, enter two newcomers—at the beginning, the apparently egregious clerk Wilson, minor public school man and secret poetry-addict; and, half-way through, nineteen-year-old Helen Rolt, brought in, half-dying after four weeks in an open boat, with other survivors from a torpedoed ship. Her husband, after four weeks of their marriage, has been drowned.

Major Scobie, Deputy Commissioner of Police, is the central figure: more, it is his soul

which is the battle-ground of the book. We are to watch his progress to what, in his own eyes and the eyes of his Church, is damnation—watch him through the crisis of his relations with his dreary wife, his cheerless young mistress and, above all, with God: even in his official virtue there is to set in, by every sign, an irreparable decay. At the same time, here is a creature, surely, exalted no less than he is betrayed by the sublimities of his own pity? If ever there were a picture of a good man, here is a picture of a good man. Or not? The verdict remains open.

* * *

THE inner content of *The Heart of the Matter* is, I find, impossible to discuss lightly in a review. I leave it, that the rather grandly presumptuous title of the novel justifies itself—individually, we are loth to touch what is, for the full-range human being, "the heart of the matter"; and the majority of our novelists condone, embroider and flatter just this repugnance. Mr. Greene, on the contrary, has been inexorable.

Scobie is—to return to the easy plane—something rare in present-day fiction: an adult character. His integrity—cracked though he



The Piazza, Covent Garden, in 1768, an illustration from Desmond Shawe-Taylor's *Covent Garden* (Max Parrish; 6s.), in which the serious musical history of this famous theatre is skilfully combined with the tale of its more mundane haps and mishaps. These have included fires, riots and a multitude of other half-fabulous events which, maturing over two centuries, have made Covent Garden a legendary name as well as a vigorous reality

may feel it to be—his simplicity, and his unsentimentalised quality of "touchingness" can but act strongly upon the reader.

Surrounding Scobie, at different removes from the foreground, are his awful but, in her way, not un-touching wife Louise, the mysterious Wilson (aforesaid), Yusef the shady Syrian merchant, Harris the cockroach-hunter, Scobie's boy Ali, the priest Father Rank—all set in motion for ever. As to Helen Rolt I was doubtful—hers is, however, a bleak, unrewarding part . . . The structure and working-out of the plot—in which nothing is there for nothing, everything interlocks—can but be noted, and envied, by fellow-writers: by the reader it may, and should, be taken for granted—the best plots are.

* * *

"SOUTHWARDS FROM SWISS COTTAGE," by B. Curtis Brown (Home and Van Thal; 8s. 6d.), is a book about London—different regions of London in different years—in which autobiography is no more than a slender connecting thread. Swiss Cottage, with the environs of St. John's Wood, then, later, Chelsea: these are the *locales* of the two homes,

"The Heart of the Matter"

"Southwards from Swiss Cottage"

"A Hard Winter"

"Flight Out of Fancy"

but from these fan out a series of excursions into the West End, into the City, into the silences of Bloomsbury. Here is an at once delicate and vivid, personal and yet self-obliterating impression—very much more apt, I think, for its purpose, than the self-consciously "atmospheric" writing of which we have an overload to-day.

The imprint of first imaginative vision, the vision of childhood, never quite departs from scenes known in early years. Miss Curtis Brown's writing about St. John's Wood carries this imprint strongly, without losing objectivity.

When I was a child, the early nineteenth century had not yet come into fashion; no one sought after the shabby, shady romance of these curly, pale-coloured houses among their thin city trees. Yet I found them, as I should say now, romantic; even then they recalled something one could not remember, suggested enchantments one could not quite picture. And, appropriately, there were curious, unexpected things always to be found. There was a very convincing statue of a crusader in armour on a horse, over a gateway that led to inexplicable sheds, beside a nursery garden. There was never time enough to look at him—one was always on a bus as one passed or hurrying home to tea. There was the College, a great ecclesiastical building set in its own grounds, where no one (so the legend ran in the family) had ever been seen to go in or out. There were—because South Hampstead lies on the foothills of Hampstead, and Swiss Cottage itself looks over a steep slope to the west—sudden descents cut actually into steps, running between high walls, very secret and country-town-like. Or there were narrow paved passages which led from one thoroughfare to another between the blank side walls of houses . . .

. . . Our own Park had started from an architect's dream. This, too, I did not know till long, long after. He had seen this little plot in terms of an Italianate fantasy—every house castellated or domed, with absurd, delightful porticos or arches, with trees set about it or nooks in the gardens. He laid it out but did not survive, or else his money did not survive, to finish it. Only the triumphal arches were set up, and one house built—opposite us, I am glad to say—which had a belfry topping it. . . . Still his spirit lay lightly over the Park. It had its own character. Large houses stood mysteriously in dark, shaded grounds; little houses looked gaily out from behind laburnums. It was frivolous and sunlit.

* * *

FANCY—and herein, I think, lies the art of the book—gives place to feeling in the picture of Chelsea: scene of the girlhood after the childhood, of grown-up and married life. Perception and happy familiarity have, however, grown in this writer without any loss of her early sense of the strange—in architecture, in the etherealised perspective of a street, in the dazzle of the river, or the subtle, from hour-to-hour changing moods of the London parks she finds it. The chapter on parks—their different characteristics—is, by the way, particularly to be commended: why should enclosed and city-surrounded spaces of trees, grass, water be, each, so different from one another? Theatre-going, the bonhomies of the pit queue, work in different offices in different parts of London, and post-the-First-World-War dances, are brought to life again with engaging freshness.

In the matter of blurb and wrapper, *Southwards from Swiss Cottage* has been ill-served.

(Continued on page 286)



Photograph by Fred Daniels

JOHN D. FERGUSSON, the Scottish painter, is one of the most eminent members of the modern school. A contemporary of Picasso, he founded a new school of painting in Paris before the war and has now organised the Celtic Group in Scotland, a combination of artists, poets, dancers and composers who share the same creative aims and lend strengthening elements to one another's work. John Fergusson, whose wife is Margaret Morris, of dancing fame—she recently founded the Celtic Ballet—has just held an exhibition of his paintings in Glasgow, and is shortly visiting London to make the work of the Celtic Group more widely known

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Dove — Bartholomew

Brig. Arthur Julian Hadfield Dove, C.B., C.B.E., son of the late Rev. J. Dove, of Oxford, and of the late Mrs. Dove, of New Zealand, married Miss Betty Bartholomew, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Bartholomew, of George Street, Bryanston Square, W.1, at St. Margaret's, Westminster



Herschell — Legge

Lord Herschell, of the Manor House, West Hendred, Wantage, Berkshire, married Miss Heather Mary Margaret Legge, daughter of Cdr. the Hon. Humphry Legge, C.V.O., D.S.O., R.N. (retd.), and Mrs. Legge, of Reading, Berkshire, at St. Mark's, Englefield



Fuchs — Sparrow

M. Jean-Jacques Fuchs, only son of M. and Mme. A. Fuchs, of Basle, Switzerland, married Miss Rosemarie Sparrow, eldest daughter of the late Lt.-Col. G. Sparrow and of Mrs. Sparrow, of Birles Old Hall, Chelford, Cheshire, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, W.



McConnell — Lamplough

Capt. William McConnell, R.M., of Armagh, Northern Ireland, married Miss Ann Lamplough, daughter of Major-Gen. C. R. W. Lamplough, and Mrs. Lamplough, of Headquarters, Royal Marines, Plymouth, at St. Nicholas Church, R.N. Barracks, Devonport. Officers of the Royal Marines formed a guard of honour



Clutterbuck — Barford

Major Richard Clutterbuck, R.E., youngest son of Col. L. St. J. R. Clutterbuck, O.B.E., and Mrs. Clutterbuck, of Bishop's Waltham, Hampshire, married Miss Angela Barford, elder daughter of Lt.-Col. B. C. Barford, R.A., and Mrs. Barford, of Bishop's Waltham, Hampshire, at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton

Skin deep...

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Mark Luker's dress and jacket in violet and white printed silk. Below the softly-fitting jacket the skirt of the dress swells into lavish pleating. At Jay's

Fashion Page by
Winifred Lewis



A debutante gown in navy and white embraces the waist and bursts into gathered fullness below. A ruching of navy ribbon outlines the neck and sleeves. Selita model from Harvey Nichols Model Gowns Department.

COMING EVENTS

Silk prints, luscious with colour, are the dominating fashion note at the Summer's social events



Bouquet print in a sweet and pungent yellow with touches of black is cleverly draped into a tunic effect. Selita model at Harvey Nichols Model Gowns Department



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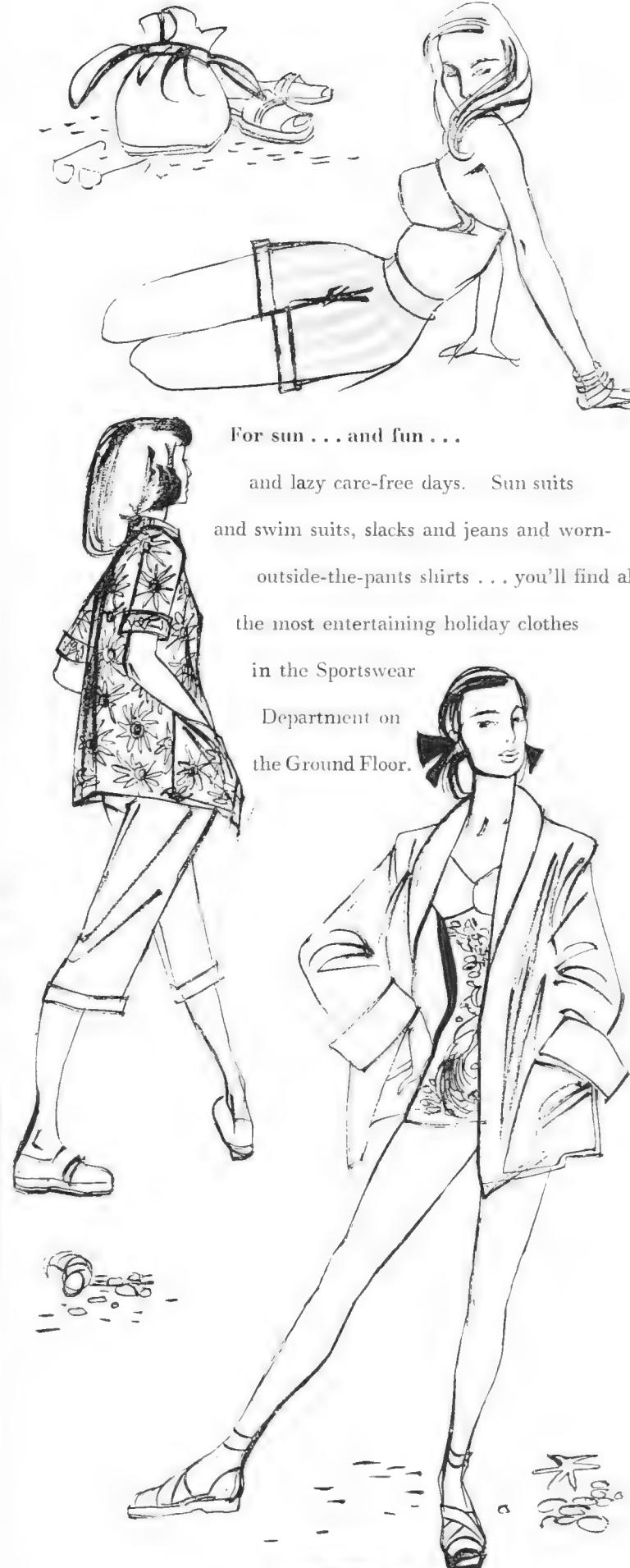
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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Dorothy Wilding

Mr. Dermot De Trafford and Miss Patricia Beeley, who are to be married later this month at St. James's, Spanish Place. Mr. De Trafford is the son of Mr. Rudolph De Trafford, and nephew of Sir Humphrey De Trafford, and Miss Beeley is the daughter of Mr. Francis Beeley, of 24 Richmond Bridge Mansions



Harlip

Miss Gloria-Mae (Gay) Heaton-Armstrong, second daughter of Col. C. S. Heaton-Armstrong, O.B.E., and of Mrs. W.H. Scott, of The Bridge House, Marden, Kent, who is to be married this month to Mr. Peter Arthur David Baker, M.C., son of Major Reginald Baker, of Loddon Manor, Staplehurst, Kent

Miss Georgina Preston, daughter of the late Captain the Hon. Hubert Preston, M.C., and of the Hon. Mrs. Preston, of Bramham Gardens, S.W.5 who is engaged to Mr. Stanley Head, son of the late Mr. A. J. Head and Mrs. Head, of Beckenham, Kent. The wedding will take place next month



Bassano

Miss Elizabeth Jane Custance, only daughter of the late Mr. G. F. Custance, and of Mrs. W. M. Davies, of King's Lynn, Norfolk, who is to be married this month to Mr. Reginald Phillip Walter Chapman, only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Chapman, of South Wootton Norfolk

Mrs. Margery Elizabeth Hassall, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. C. Smith, of Headstone Lane, Harrow, who is engaged to Lieut. S. M. Howard, R.N., son of the late Mr. S. Edgar Howard, and of Mrs. B. M. Howard, of Downe Hall, Bridport. They will be married next month

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Elizabeth Bowen's

BOOK REVIEWS

(Continued from page 278)

Both are misleading. The wrapper displays a picture of a be-frilled and be-bonneted Victorian young lady standing in front of what appears to be an outsize Georgian country mansion—why? The blurb informs us that Miss Curtis Brown's book “deals with another of those vanished Londons.” All I can say is, if the London described here has vanished, I had not noticed. I remark this because, picking up the book at random, the potential reader might easily get the impression that it is less out-of-the-ordinary than it is—and thus fail to read it, so miss a treat. In fact, *Southwards from Swiss Cottage* is unusual both in kind and quality.

* * *

A Hard Winter, by Raymond Queneau, translated by Betty Askwith, is published by John Lehmann, at 8s. 6d., in the Modern European Library—a series which repays watching. This publisher expects, and maintains, an admirably high standard in his translators—Rosamond Lehmann worked on Lemarchand's *Genevieve*, John Rodker on Chamson's *A Mountain Boyhood*. We are indebted, moreover, for introductions to still young foreign writers, of unusual flavour, whose work might otherwise not have reached us here.

Raymond Queneau is certainly well worth meeting; I read his brief, light, pungent, ironically tender *Hard Winter* with delight. This is not, as one might expect, a tale of the present tragic rigours of Europe—it is set back among the (comparative) creature comforts of 1916 Le Havre—a Havre humming with British and

Dominion soldiers of the first World War, and stalked about, to the destruction of the peace of mind of the hero, by at least one lovely W.A.A.C.

Our hero himself, a young and contrary widower, invalided out of the French army with a severe leg wound, decidedly grows on one. Bernard Lehameau baits, but never quite loses, his friends and family; talks most to Mme. Dutertre of the second-hand bookshop; hankers after Helena the W.A.A.C., but has a growing tenderness for fourteen-year-old Annette, whom he meets on a tram. Annette's Big Sister Madeleine, of the villa with the porcelain watch dog, has no scruples but no nonsense about her. . . . This is a tale in an odd mood—nonchalance, fatalism: it was written in 1939. “A first reading of Monsieur Queneau,” the publisher says, “rather resembles one's first attempt to eat olives.” As with olives, I think, one will be glad one began.

* * *

Flight Out of Fancy, Anonymous (The Bodley Head, 6s.) is a short but exquisitely rewarding fantasy: like *Alice in Wonderland* and *Gulliver's Travels*, it is unclassifiable. Lost in the skies with his curly pilot friend, the “I” of the story makes a forced landing on the island—State of Inadvertisability—to find himself, in internment, under the local fascinating regime of bat-witted bureaucracy. The inhabitants, for instance, are living perpetually on boiled rabbit pending the development of fish-awareness through the propaganda activities of the Fish Board. The Quallyhoo races are another high point. How many

RECORD OF THE WEEK

DURING the second World War, Paul Fenouillet served in the Royal Air Force, and it was then that he heard a W.A.A.F. singing. Many Service men and women sing, but this W.A.A.F. was different. Paul was impressed, and when the war was over he did not forget about her. The name is Doreen Lundy and she has certainly proved that Fenouillet was not wrong about her ability.

On his first M.G.M. record Paul Fenouillet and his orchestra play “Once upon a Winter Time,” and “Reflections in the Water.” Both these tunes are taken in really slow tempo. The arrangements are good, not involved, and Doreen Lundy sings the vocals with extraordinary polish. Fenouillet introduces a subtle, slow, lazy sweetness into dance music which will capture the imagination of everyone who hears it. This is certainly one of the better dance band records so far made in recent years in British recording studios. (M.G.M. 126.)

Robert Tredinnick

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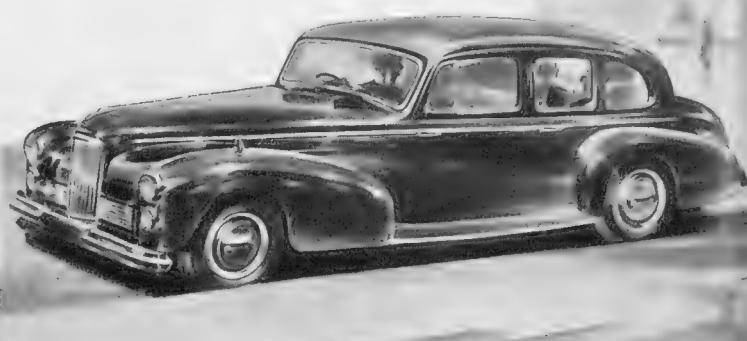
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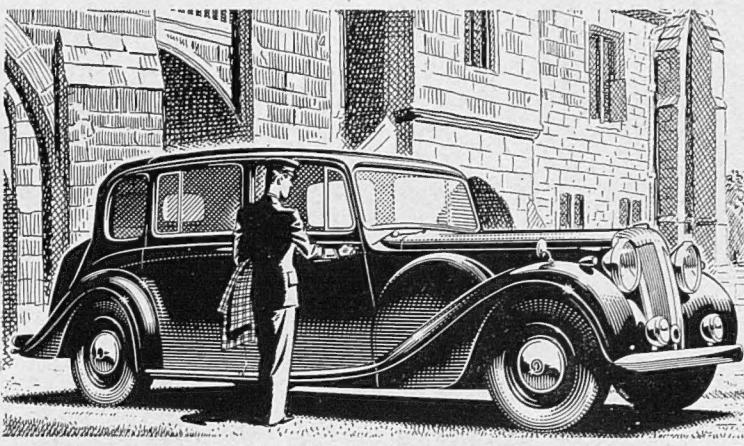
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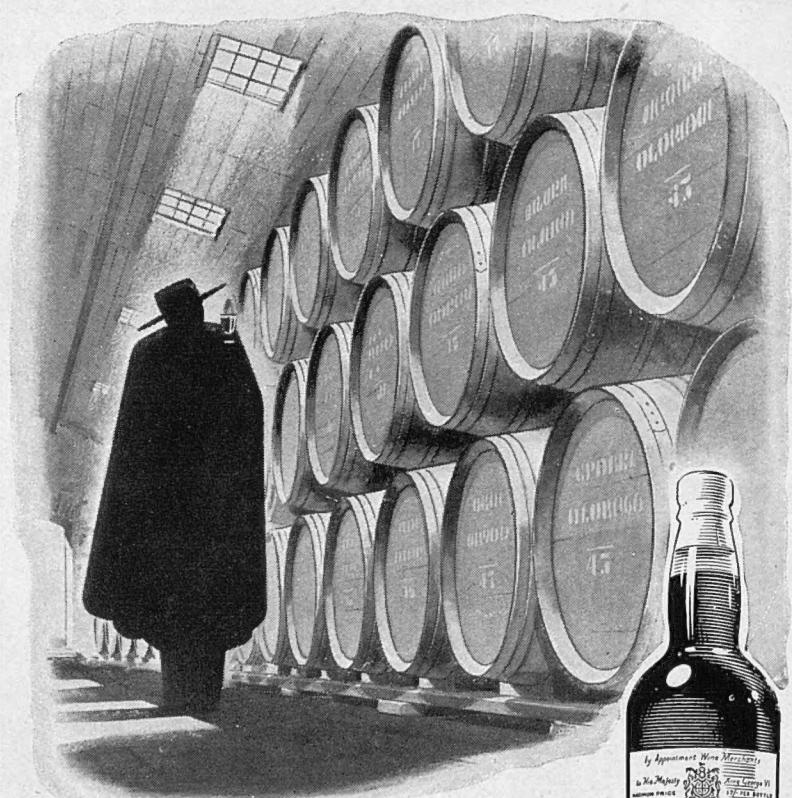
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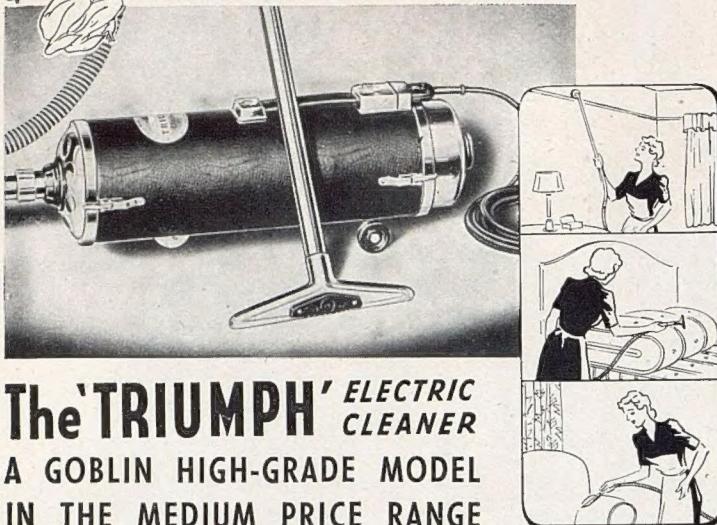
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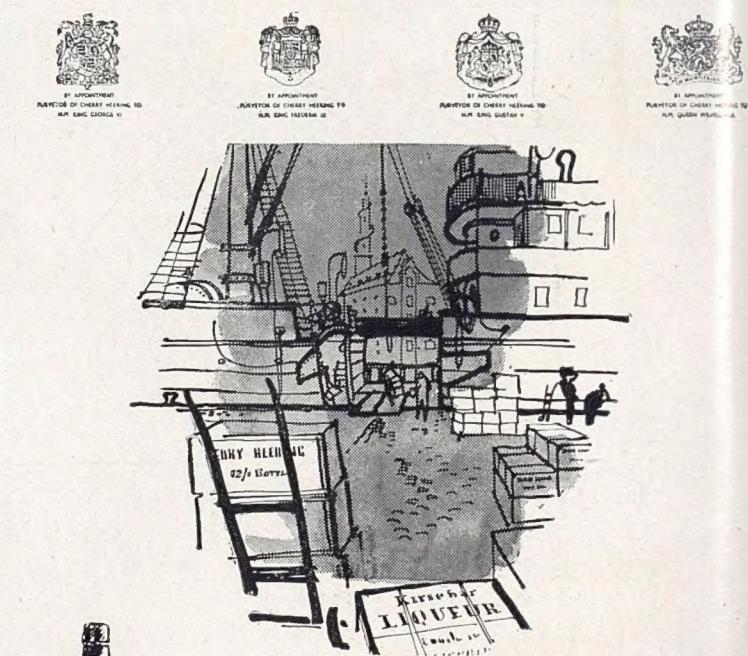


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